

Don't Make Promises You Can't Keep

*I'm Never Gonna Dance
Again (guilty feet have got*

unknownusername

Don't Make Promises You Can't Keep by unknownusername

Series: I'm Never Gonna Dance Again (guilty feet have got no rhythm) [1]

Category: IT (2017)

Genre: Blood and Gore, Gen, Light Angst, also unedited so theres probably some errors but like whatcha gonna do amirite, but before the group getting together in that field and the blood oath, foul language bc this is richie and eddie they say fuck every two seconds, its not super sad but sort of sad, like a mild sad, spoilers sort of, takes place literally right after the group hug scene at the end with bill and the yellow jacket, this is me also shamelessly making sure my son mike gets the love and appreciation he deserves

Language: English

Characters: Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Georgie Denbrough, Mike Hanlon, Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris

Relationships: Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier

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Summary:

It was only when the lowest body floated down close enough to make out the gruesome details that Eddie realized they needed to get Bill the fuck out of here now.

Or what happens after the hug in the sewers.

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Author's Note:

sooo this is sort of spoiler-ish if you dont know what happens at the end of book 2, i mean sort of because it alludes to The Thing We Do Not Speak Of but also not really because its intentionally vague. but if youre like a 100% do not want even a hint of whats gonna happen to my children, which i respect, then maybe dont read this. also the gore is a bit graphic, it mostly mentions blood and dead bodies but if you saw the movie its no where near as bad, at least to me. And the relationship is mostly implied but like come on Eddie and Richie??? Not gay and not in love???? Sounds fake. but this fic isnt really focused on the relationship. and i wrote this during midterm week instead of studying because i ignore my responsibilities whoops, so if theres mistakes im sorry but also i am on 2 hrs of sleep what do you want from me. this is also my first posting ever on here so pls be kind. im very very shy so if this actually gets posted im either way braver than i thought i was or im like super drunk. probably drunk tbh. dont hate me okay bye.

It was only when the lowest body floated down close enough to make out the gruesome details that Eddie realized they needed to get Bill the fuck out of here now. He tugged on Richie's sleeve from his place in the group hug over Bill. Richie glanced at him and Eddie jerked his head to subtly point out the body. Richie's eyes widened under his coke bottle glasses, making them look bigger than Eddie thought was physically possible.

"Fucking shit," Richie exclaimed softly. Beverly looked at him, her eyes watery and skin splotchy from rubbing at her tears.

"What's wrong?" she asked. Eddie glared at Richie who lifted his hands up in a "what the fuck else was I supposed to do" gesture and Eddie huffed out an irritated sigh. Mike stood up, his hand

automatically going to one of Bill's metal spikes that he'd stuck through his belt loops. Bill's face was still buried in Georgie's jacket, and Eddie could still hear his muffled sobs. Stan was still hugging him closely, his wide eyes staring into nothing. At Bev's question, his gaze drifted over to her. Ben, the closest one to Bev, gripped her arm, looking prepared to fling himself in front of her.

"We need to get out of here. Fast," Eddie explained quietly. When Bev squinted at him in confusion, he added, "The bodies."

Everybody, but Bill looked up and saw the bodies floating closer and closer. Eddie didn't want to look at them, one glance at the closest body was enough. He didn't need more than that to know the body was Betty Ripsom. Well, half of her. From the stomach down, her body was gone. At the gaping tear, Eddie could make out a couple of ribs, maybe some intestines and Eddie didn't want to know any more than that. Her head was lolled back like Bev's had been when they first found her, staring up at nothing. Eddie wonders what the last thing she saw was; was it the clown or was it something that they were never supposed to see, something not made for their eyes? Eddie stopped that line of thinking quickly. Whatever the fuck Betty saw before she died, he had no intention of finding out for himself.

"Shit," Mike whispered. His normally flushed face was pale, and he looked down at the rest of the Losers. "We don't need to see that, I've already seen enough horror to last me a lifetime."

"No, not that," Eddie said. Mike and the rest looked at him incredulously. "Well, I mean yes but that's not the problem."

"Jesus Christ, what the hell is worse than having dead bodies drop on our heads?" Richie began, his voice climbing higher and higher.

"Georgie," Eddie whispered, hoping Billy couldn't hear him over his crying, but that hope was in vain as Billy's head shot up to stare at Eddie.

"W-what about G-Georgie?" he croaked out. His voice was wrecked from sobbing and yelling, and Eddie felt helpless looking at his broken expression.

“Bill,” Eddie said, “We need to leave.”

Bill’s eyes widened in realization as he glanced at Betty Ripsom’s body and back down at Eddie. “N-no, we can’t.”

Bev was still staring up at the bodies, her own body so still that Ben shook her arm nervously. She looked at him and sighed wearily at his questioning look. “Georgie’s body. It could still be up there with the rest.”

Everyone stared at Billy in concern as he staggered up on his feet. Stan’s arms fell from around him, settling limply in his lap. He was still kneeling in the gray water and Eddie knelt with him when he noticed Stan’s hands were shaking badly.

“Stan needs to go to the hospital,” He said. “I think he’s going into shock.”

Stan’s wounds around his head were still bleeding and Eddie knew that head wounds bled a lot, but they should be clotting by now. Stan’s face was too pale, and his gaze was distant even as Eddie grabbed his cold hands in his and squeezed tightly.

Mike grabbed Bill’s arm as he tried to walk towards the bodies, “Bill, you’ve suffered enough, you don’t need to see that.”

“It’s not ab-bout me,” he said, trying to yank his arm away. “I c-can’t leave him.”

“Bill,” Beverly said softly, “He’s not there anymore.”

“No!” Bill vehemently shook his head, tears squeezing out of his eyes when he blinked. “I c-can’t l-leave him. N-not again. I c-can’t.”

Eddie looked up at Mike hopelessly. With Bill out of commission and Stan, their unspoken second in command out for the count, Eddie automatically looked to Mike. Mike was strong, but more importantly he was gentle and understanding. He naturally drew attention, with the way he carried himself, shoulder’s back and gaze steady. Right now, his jaw was clenched, and he was quickly blinking back tears. He took a steadying breath and looked up at the others.

“We need to leave and get Stan to a hospital,” he said, “Bill, I know you want to give Georgie a proper funeral, to put him at peace, trust me I know. But Georgie wouldn’t want you to see this, to see him like this. Remember your brother as he was, not this.”

Bill choked out a sob. “I w-won’t leave him alone,” he said, “He deserves b-better t-than this. I c-can’t” Bev drew him into a hug as he continued to sob. She looked at the losers over his shoulder, her hand rubbing soothing circles against his back.

“Mike’s right,” she said. “Bill, I’m so sorry but Georgie is gone and right now, Stan needs your help. We need to help him, we can come back for Georgie later.”

Bill sniffled, looking at Stan. Eddie was trying to get Stan to focus on him, gently grabbing the uninjured parts of his face and repeating his name. It was like Stan wasn’t even there anymore, like how Bev had been, and Eddie felt sobs climb up his throat. He swallowed them back and focused on Stan. He couldn’t lose it, not with Stan and Bill already in tatters around them. He felt Richie sink down next to him and place a hand on his shoulder. The simple act of reassurance made Eddie want to both cry, and stay strong for his friends.

“His wounds should be clotting by now,” he told Bill “And he definitely needs antibiotics because we’re in a fucking sewer and we’re all covered in grey water.”

Bill closed his eyes, stepping out of Bev’s arms. “Y-you g-guys go,” he took a shaky breath and continued. “I-I’ll s-stay here, with G-Georgie.”

“Bill, Stan needs you,” Eddie was pleading at this point. He didn’t want any of his friends to suffer anymore and he knew that seeing Georgie’s body would break Bill in a way that could never be fixed. “Look at him!”

Bill did, and his expression was torn, clearly wanting to go with Stan but also reluctant to leave Georgie’s body.

“We’ll stay,” Richie offered suddenly. “Eds and I, we can stay with Georgie until you guys come back.”

Eddie didn't even protest the nickname, just looked back up at Bill anxiously.

"We'll stay in groups," Mike said. "We can all go drop off Stan and when his parents show up there, some of us will stay there and the others can come back for Eddie and Richie."

"What about the other bodies?" Ben said, gaze firmly on the ground to avoid looking at said bodies. "They probably had families too, people who want to know what happened to them."

Eddie thought back to Betty Ripsom's mom on the last day of school, looking for her daughter through a crowd of students with an increasingly distraught expression as kids walked out of school and Betty didn't. Eddie knew Bill was thinking of the same thing, and because Bill was Bill and he always wanted to help people, his shoulders slumped in defeat.

"Okay," he whispered to the floor. He looked up and looked at Eddie pleadingly, "D-don't leave him alone, okay?"

"Of course," Eddie replied, Richie nodding in agreement beside him.

"We can call the police at the hospital," Bev pitched in. She had her arms crossed in front of herself and her eyebrows furrowed as she thought. "But if the adults can't see, like how my dad couldn't see the blood, some of us should come back here to show them where this is. They'd have to be able to see the bodies at least."

"What about Henry?" Richie asked. "He's either dead or walking around somewhere down here."

"No way he survived that fall," Eddie shuddered as he remembered the sound of Henry screaming and the horrible thud as his body hit the floor.

"We need a story," Mike said, looking grim. "We need one we can all agree on now, so we know what to say to the cops."

"We could say we went to Neibolt house on a dare," Richie suggested. "And then Bowers came over and tried to push us in the well. That's at least half the truth so it'd be believable."

“We pushed him down to protect us,” Ben said, catching on. “And we went down looking for him. But we couldn’t reach the bottom and took the tunnels, where we found all of this.”

“And Stan?” Eddie asked. “Do we say Bowers did that? You can totally tell that those marks are teeth marks.”

“There was some animal in the sewer, it got him, but we scared it off. We don’t know who killed all these people, but best bet it was Bowers. Everyone knows he’s a fucking psychopath, and he’s dead so they can’t prove it wasn’t him.” Richie said. He looked up at the bodies again before grabbing Stan under his arms and lifting him up. Mike and Bill moved to help them. Bill stuffed Georgie’s coat in his pocket, but Eddie didn’t say a word about it.

“Whose going with the cops?” Bev asked. “I guess I should, because I have to tell them eventually about what happened back in the apartment. But we’re staying in groups, right?”

“Who is the fastest runner?” Mike asked. He carefully wrapped his arm around Stan’s waist and put Stan’s arm over his shoulder, while Bill did the same on the other side.

“Besides Stan? Probably you, Mike.” Eddie guessed. Mike was the biggest of them all, and he was fit from work around the farm and from deliveries. Mike nodded in agreement and began to guide them out.

“If we’re not back, or the cops don’t get here in half an hour, meet us at the hospital.” Mike added. Him and the rest of the losers limped in varying degrees of effort to the door they came through. Eddie nodded, getting up from the ground and watching until they faded from sight down the tunnel. Richie’s hand came back to his shoulder and gave him a little shake.

“You okay there, Eds?” he asked.

“Don’t call me that,” he said halfheartedly. His hands were beginning to shake now as he had nothing to focus on. Against his will, his eyes drifted back up towards the bodies.

"I can't believe It's gone." He said quietly. "It doesn't feel real."

Richie walked over to where he dropped his baseball bat and swung it up into his hands. His clothes were ruined, like all of theirs were and his glasses were a bit crooked on his nose. He frowned down at the bat in his hands.

"I can't believe we're the only ones who ever tried to stop it. I mean, look at all these bodies. Someone must have known what was going on if a bunch of fucking thirteen-year old's can figure it out in one summer." Richie sounded serious, which is when Eddie knew everything was really fucked up, Richie was never serious about anything. It hadn't settled in for Eddie yet, that they found the thing that had been terrorizing the whole town for so long and no one was going to go missing again.

"Do you think Stan will be okay?" Eddie asked. He could see a small body drifting closer to them, but he couldn't look away from it.

"He's a tough cookie, he'll be okay." Richie replied, trying to sound uplifting and like his normal self but Eddie didn't buy it. Even if Stan and Richie acted like they hated each other, everyone knew they were best friends like how Bill and Eddie were. Stan and Richie's parents had been friends before they were born and consequently, they grew up with each other always there. Eddie and Bill became friends when they were five, when Eddie and Bill were put in the same daycare. They only met Stan and Richie in first grade, when they were all seven, and that was the very start of the Losers club. Richie was probably out of his mind with worry for his closest friend, but he offered to stay here for Bill. Sometimes, when he wasn't busy being a trashmouth, Richie was the most caring, and considerate out of the group. Eddie was always reminded of how good Richie really was, when Richie was the first to notice when someone was upset and the first to offer help.

Eddie's thoughts drifted back to the first time they went to Neibolt house and how Richie gripped his face firmly but gently when the clown was walking to them. Eddie had been terrified; he had been seconds away from becoming the clown's lunch and he started to feel the pain from his broken arm as the shock of it wore off. Richie had grabbed Eddie's face, looked him in the eyes and said, "Don't look at

it, Eddie look at me, just look at me, I got you, keep your eyes on me, Eds.”

Eddie remembered staring into Richie’s eyes, the hysteria fading and his breathing steadying. Richie’s eyes had been warm and calm, Eddie didn’t know how the hell Richie was calm, but Eddie was so goddamn grateful for it because he felt like he was losing his mind.

Of course, that bit of calm was immediately broken after Mike saved them and the clown fled. Bill took off after it and Richie looked away from Eddie’s eyes to drop on his broken arm and he grabbed it and said, “I’m going to put it back in place” and Eddie had screamed “*Do not fucking touch me!*” and the rest got a bit blurry. He remembers his mom dragging him away from his friends, he remembered wanting to run back to them, wanting to have Richie wrap his arms around him because it felt safe in there and Eddie was so fucking scared.

He’s shaken from his thoughts as the small body he’d been staring at drifts close enough to see clearly. Eddie could faintly hear Richie talking, like he always was, but he couldn’t make out any words. The body was so small, made even smaller because of a missing arm, and because half of the flesh from the knee down had been ripped off and there was skin and bits of tendons and tissue hanging from the bone. Eddie wanted to vomit, he wanted to scream, to look away and get the hell out of this fucking place, but he couldn’t move. His body was not listening to him anymore and he watched as the body floated down.

Eddie thought a bit hysterically that It must have been pretty fucking stupid to kidnap such a small body because there was barely any meat on it so why the fuck would he even try, that’s like going to an all meat buffet and asking for the vegetarian options.

Richie suddenly stepped into view, his worried face barely registering in Eddie’s head because oh my god, Eddie could see maggots and rot and who knows what the fuck else on the body. Honestly, Eddie thought that the maggots and bugs would end up eating more of the body than the clown had, maybe that had been the clown’s plan all along maybe he was an extreme bug collector maybe he really liked bugs or maybe Eddie was officially losing it because here he was staring at his best friend’s little brother’s body and thinking that It

was collecting bugs by feeding them small children, what the fuck was wrong with him.

“Eddie!” Richie grasped Eddie’s face between his hands and stooped down to look Eddie in the eye. “Eddie, hey come back to me, where did you go, Eds, come on. You’re okay, Eddie, I got you, we’re all okay now.”

Eddie sucked in a desperate breath. He didn’t even realize he was hyperventilating. He blinked his dry eyes as the edges of his vision faded to black. He tried to focus on Richie in front of him, desperately latching on to the soft warmth of Richie’s hands and the comforting familiarity of having Richie close enough that Eddie could feel his body heat slowly seeping into his skin.

“Eds? You there? Say something, Eddie,”

“Don’t” Eddie wheezed. “Call me that.”

Richie grinned and smacked a big kiss on Eddie’s forehead. Eddie was beginning to feel his limbs again and he noticed how badly his legs were shaking.

“There he is!” Richie exclaimed, still grinning. Eddie was still gasping in shaky breaths, but his head felt like it was back on his body. “Where did you go?”

Eddie looked over Richie’s shoulder and caught a glimpse of the body before Richie gently shifted Eddie back to look at him.

“It’s Georgie,” Eddie said hoarsely. “I can see his body.”

Richie’s face fell into a frown and he wrapped Eddie in a tight hug. Eddie pressed his face in Richie’s shoulder and closed his eyes. Richie was slowly rocking them from side to side and it seemed like a childish thing to do, but the gentle movements made Eddie feel slightly calmer.

“Eds,” Richie said, his voice somber. “Don’t look at them, none of us should have to see this shit.”

“Do you think he died quickly?” Eddie whispered. Richie stiffened

and clutched Eddie tighter.

“God, Eddie don’t think about that.” Richie said, his face pressed into Eddie’s wet hair.

“His arm is gone,” Eddie felt tears gather behind his eyelids and he didn’t bother holding them back anymore. “He didn’t have a fucking arm, Richie. Did that happen before he died or after, how long does it take for someone to bleed out, it could’ve been hours.”

“Eds!” Richie tried to cut him off, but Eddie shook his head and kept talking.

“There’s maggots on him, maggots and he’s rotting,” Eddie choked out. He was sobbing in earnest now. “He was alone down here for so long.”

“Eddie, please,”

“Richie,” Eddie pulled away to look up at Richie’s wide eyes and he clutched Richie’s shirt in his fists desperately, “Richie, you need to promise me, okay, you need to promise me that if that thing ever comes back and I die down here, you don’t leave my body.”

“Eddie, what the fuck!” Richie yelled. He was gripping the sides of Eddie’s face again, looking horrified. “Don’t talk like that, what the fuck you’re not going to die.”

“But if I do,” Eddie pleads “Don’t leave me down here to rot I don’t want to be alone down here, I don’t want bugs to eat me and maggots to live in my skin, please Richie promise me.”

“Stop!” Richie shook Eddie a bit, still gentle but rough enough that Eddie was jarred from his thoughts. “Don’t say shit like that Eddie, you’re not going to die, not down here and not because of that fucking clown. We’re going to get the hell out of this shithole when we turn eighteen and we’re going to go wherever the fuck you want, okay? And we can do anything you want, we can go to fucking Canada if that’s what you want, I don’t care, but stop talking like this Eddie, please.”

Eddie was shocked to see tears brimming in Richie’s eyes. Richie

almost never cried, he hated when people saw him cry. Eddie didn't want to ever be the reason Richie cried.

"I'm sorry," he whispered. Richie leaned down and pressed their foreheads together. Eddie could see every freckle on Richie's face. His glasses bit into his nose but Eddie couldn't give less of a shit. He looked up into Richie's warm eyes and Richie stared back intently.

"Don't talk like that Eds," Richie whispered back, "I don't know what I'd do if you died. You're my best friend."

"You're my best friend too," Eddie replied softly. He didn't want to raise his voice and break the little calm bubble they'd created. His breathing was evening out now and only a few stray tears fell from his eyes. Richie gently wiped them away with his thumbs.

"You're not going to die," Richie said firmly. "I won't let It get you, if It ever comes back. You're safe, Eds, I can promise you that. But don't make me promise to accept that you're going to die, I can't, and I won't."

Eddie closed his eyes, sniffing quietly, and whispered out, "Okay." Richie drew him back into a hug and clutched Eddie to his chest tightly. Eddie's arms went around Richie's neck and he held him back just as tightly. They stayed like that until they could hear shouts of their names, Bev and Mike calling for them while leading the police. Eddie lifted his head to look at Georgie one last time. The sweet little brother of his oldest friend that Eddie had adored. He had gone with Bill to see him at the hospital after he was born. He remembered the reverent way Bill had looked at Georgie when his mom placed him in Bill's arms. Bill had smiled the biggest smile Eddie had ever seen and declared right there that he was going to look after him forever, "even if you grow up to be a brat". Eddie remembered afternoons at Bill's house, watching TV with Georgie and coloring together and the way Georgie always had a smile on his face.

His body had finally touched the ground, and his head was still tilted up. Eddie could see the maggots and missing parts of his body and he knew that he would never forget the sight. He closed his eyes when he felt Bev place a hand on his back and heard Mike's gasp. He buried his face back in Richie's shoulder and he cried for the pseudo

little brother he lost, and the innocence he could never get back after today.

The police moved around them, but Eddie didn't move, and Richie never stopped holding him, even when the police quietly told them they would take them back to the station now and call their parents. Richie held his hand in the cop car and Bev grabbed his free one, with Mike's hand in her other, and Eddie looked out the window as they drove away. He felt heavy with the realization that he'd be back in those sewers one day. Dead or alive, he knew he was going to have to go back. He thought of Richie's promise and he prayed Richie would somehow be able to keep it.

But Eddie knew that he couldn't.

Author's Note:

So idk about you guys but it sort of bugged me how they never said what the hell happened to all those bodies. Like do they just stay in the sewer forever???? That sounds horrifying no thanks. And what did they tell people when they crawled out of the sewer all beat up did no one question a bunch of injured and bleeding children???? i need answers. I know they skipped it bc the resolution was happening and its too small a detail to make a big deal about it but... i gotta know. Id be down to write more of this story or make it a series or something so if youre interested in that maybe leave a kudos or a comment so i know? Thatd be cool thanks. And ummmm sorry for the foreshadowing angst at the end i couldnt help myself lol whoops. If you know what im talking about feel free to yell at me in the comments